

## FROM PARIS.

*Continued from First Page.*

ton, after the original study-head of Stewart in the *Academie des Beaux-Arts*. I quote the words of a practical first-class artist and practical connoisseur, when I say that "it is the quite best specimen of fine engraving in the exhibition of 1865."

The Exhibition of Sculpture is arranged in the Nave of the Palais d'Industrie, which is laid out for the occasion as a garden—wherein even birds fly about and do their—The sculptured marble portrait bust of M. X., a political and social eminence in the actual French world, has received from one of these heedless sparrows a Toulouse *de posé*, if I may so express myself (and I think I may), just where the original, in full and evening party dress, might wear an agate, black and white breast-plate or extravagance shirt-stuff. The effect is striking, and, *etc.* the whole, not bad—pleasing, even, I should guess, from remarks of bystanders to friends not immediately related to M. X., his family.

In the garden of sculpture, there are two little groups by Aymé Jean Roger: "The Wounded Scout," a *Piedmont* soldier supported by an intelligent comrade; and "The Country Post-Office—News from the Army." This last is, sentimentally, by overdone attempt at touching story-telling. But the "Scout" in the other group, the strangely clear but not extravagantly evidenced distinction of race between this blond wounded man and the negro brother, is *done* in this little group by direct act of genius.

Then, still to keep to Americanisms, though quitting now Americans. There is "An Act of Courage, by Gen. Nagle, an Episode of the American War," and there is a statue destined for your New-York Park, impersonating in bronze the City of New-York, by M. Jules Fressuet. An American merchant of Liverpool will make you a present of it. It does not bear any striking likeness to New-York, as Dashay unaptly remarks; but what city, impersonated in bronze or marble, ever did look like itself? Per contra, the family city likeness is patent. There is the regulation head dress, a square battlemented night cap to let folks know that this is a town-epidemic. For the rest, the actual bronze New-York, which would do well for Buffalo, or Boston, or New-Orleans, is a well-to-do, gracefully draped, general American strong-minded female, holding in one hand a caduceus to indicate the honest mercantile, not the roguish or street-wise mercantile attributes of the Empire City; resting the other on a boat's rudder, if you choose; bearing on her brow, in ingenious arrangement, ears of Indian corn, so that they may be interpreted, like the horns on Moses's front, symbols of power, as well as of exportation to Europe; at her feet more Indian corn and a large cog-wheel, which catches in your mechanics with your merchants.

Up stairs again, among the paintings, I note one representing "John Brown and his accomplices before the court of Charleston in 1859." John Brown protects against his judges, who reject his witnesses and refuse the delay asked for by his defenders. How John Brown has got on with the pleading of his cause since then! And how the witnesses have come in and have borne testimony since that bygone age of 1860!

## A Proposed Gold Medal for Mrs. Lincoln—Booth—End of the War—Mexico—Napoleon in Algeria—“Bakery and Butchery”—Popular Liberty.

FARS, May 12, 1865.

The address presented to Minister Bigelow last Tuesday, expressing their sentiments on the death of Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Bigelow's eloquent response to the same, have been reproduced in translation in the *Moscow* and other Paris journals.

A long ago the *Paris de la Loire*—a liberal newspaper published at Nantes, whose editors and their good words and works for our cause we Americans should never forget—announced the opening at its office of a popular twosouson subscription for a gold medal to be offered to the widow of Abraham Lincoln, which is to bear the following inscription:

"LIBERTÉ—ÉGALITÉ—FRATERNITÉ. A. LINCOLN PRESIDENT DES ÉTATS UNIS. LA DEMOCRATIE FRANÇAISE RECONNAISSANTE. LINCOLN L'HONNÊTE HOMME, ABOLIT L'ESCLAVAGE, REPARAÎT L'UNION, SAUVE LA REPUBLIQUE. SANS VOLER LA STATUE DE LA LIBERTÉ. IL FUT ASSASSINÉ LE 14 AVRIL 1865." *Le Phare de la Loire* of yesterday publishes a third list of subscribers' names already received; the whole number of names received in four days amounts to 1,431. Liberal papers and people throughout the country are taking up the matter.

*La Patrie* continues with solitary courage worthy of a better cause, in a manner exactly worthy of the cause in hand, to follow bashing C. S. A. Commissioner Mason in the defense of downward path of foul insubordination.

Having intimated last week that Booth's escape was explicable only on suspicion of complicity of scheming Government officials, and their violent partisans who profited by his crime, it this week comes out in horror over the "murder of Booth," that he who was only an accused should have been killed secretly, as guilty—and that (new horror) "he should have been buried secretly..." and adds by way of comment: "What room left to the accomplices and their judges!" Exclamation points and italics are *La Patrie's* own.

You may guess to what depth of low estate the so lately largely patronized cause of the late C. S. A. has fallen when one of its few surviving advocates is reduced to such bedlam.

*Le Monde*, organ of the Ultramontane Church party, edits its opinion opinion that the proper and much-disdained means of quieting "the apprehensions of respectable folks" (*bourgeois*), paroxysm excited, it seems, by the accession to the Presidency of Maximilian, is a *coup d'état* that should banish Andrew from Washington and substitute Gen. Grant in his place. Gen. Grant will feel flattered. But Gen. Grant was a butchering monster not long ago, as Mr. Lincoln was a rash, feeble boor.

Those who had always had faith in our political institutions are almost surprised at the ease with which these have carried the nation through its recent trials; those of our friends who had fear for, and those of our unfriendly who had fear of, our Democracy, are gladdened and saddened respectively. The pain which the strange first error Gen. Sherman has been guilty of has caused us all, is more than balanced by the gratifying new impressive proof it has occasionally furnished of the real strength of a popular government.

On a sea still wild and swollen with a four year's tempest of unexampled violence, the noble weather-beaten captain is killed, the wise, skillful pilot strikes down, the second engineer, forgetting for a moment his hitherto admirably fulfilled duties below, rushes up to take command of *half* the deck, and has to be remanded to his proper office—all this happening while yet the storm is hardly begun to fill, of itself, daring for a moment the clouded heavens and the sun dimmed horizon, and the hardly made havens, with a blacker pall—and yet the Ship of our Democratic State, Santa Trinitatis of People's might, and right, and law, rides stoutly on without sign or signal of distress—unless faint swelling of the winds-sails.

It was a common saying here, from the outset of our civil war, accompanied with an anxious feeling of hope with some, and dread with some for either result, that democracy was on its trial—a life and death trial; as though the penalty of our American crimes and misdeemors in the matter of local Slavery brought the principle of the vitality of democracy into the court of destiny at all. As though, if American Unionists had been condemned in the penalty of successful Secession for their treason to democracy—indulged in against light for the past 40 years, and persisted in for the first two years of the revolution—sustaining an oligarchy, of refusing not only citizen's rights, but human rights to the four millions of the inhabitants of our State—that had been a condemnation of democracy, or as though civil war, or any other horror, disruption of territory of Government, occurring in a democratic State, was a verdict against democracy, more than the same incidents which have befallen States under all sorts of political forms since the flood, have been ac-

cepted verdicts against monarchy, oligarchy, aristocracy.

But this men—radically erroneous, I am convinced—was general enough among our well and ill-wishers, and on the practical immediate side had its reason for being held. The events of American history reported to Europe in the past three weeks have refuted it with an effect, a thoroughness that you trans-Atlantic folks can hardly conceive. You should, to appreciate it, talk for an hour with—hear, rather, for an hour in the frank intimacy of a private conversation the talk of an honest, intelligent European retrograde and of an enthusiastic European Liberal. And you will observe in such talk that, upon either of these, our Government's disregard of the brilliant, admired Gen. Sherman's one transgression from military office to civil office, and his manner of taking that disavowal, has made as marked an impression as any other event noted in the crowded record that has reached here in the last three weeks of American history.

The history of European political opinion and feeling in our regard for these three weeks past, has been in its kind as full of event and change as the report of our current history received here in that time. Vice-President Johnson's melancholy *lopis* on the 4th of March, bad enough in itself, was exaggerated as much beyond its reality by old-Atlantic revilers, drunk with gall and prejudice, as itself surpassed the bounds of ordinary proprieties. His previous thirty years of public life and temperate habits were overlooked. "Here is the legitimate product of your drunken democracy—a drunken Chief Magistrate," said the exalted monarchists; as the exalted clerico-monarchs retrogrades claimed on the occasion of Lincoln's assassination: "Here is the legitimate result of a churchless, kingless State and people."

These partizan rhetoricians, indeed, overlocked not only Mr. Johnson's past life but the past history of their own countries. *The London Morning Herald* forgot to explain how drunk Charles II, and that drunken first gentleman in Europe, George IV, came legitimately to be the rulers of England. *The Monde* and the *Union* here forgot to explain how Daniels, the priest, King Henry III., and Bayville, the religious enthusiast, killed Henry IV., "dearest sons of the Church" in most Catholic France, quite before 1789, and 1830, and 1848, and 1851, and 1852, and 1853.

But now, at the end of these three weeks, this sort of footers and getters up of Bumcote's political capital are fallen into woful "canaries" over this same Andrew Johnson. If he is drunk with anything habitually, it seems to be the distilled spirit of democracy—at high proof. Some of them seem to have fallen into a sort of *dilettante tremens* by contrasted sympathy. Among thoughtful men, those who like and those who don't like it, President Johnson's reported expressions of political opinions and purposes, have wrought conviction that neither he nor the nation he is to represent for the coming four years, is likely to yield much food for laughter to the world. In some quarters there is a visibly growing regret for those good-natured jokes and funny stories of good-natured Mr. Lincoln.

The turn things have lately taken in our country distract all parties here interested in the Mexican business—and in one way or another pretty much all parties, from the Emperor Napoleon, the sleepless partner of Maximilian, whom he set up in that business, to the smallest purchaser of a lottery-ticket in the last Mexican loan which France has morally and virtually endorsed, are interested in that business.

The least rhetorical, honest, briefest writers on the bearing of American politics on French politics are the anonymous authors in the Paris daily press, of the half-dozen short paragraphs that accompany the evening report of the stock-market of the day. So I quote from the notes of the financial reporter for *La Presse* of May 10: "Great activity and rising quotations were expected for to-day at the Bourse. There was reason to believe that yesterday's movement would be continued; but people counted without the news from America that reports the surrender of Johnston. Peace in America has been habitually interpreted at the Bourse as signifying a decline."

How France, i.e., Napoleon, is to get out of this Mexican hobble, into which, as things have turned, probably no one regrets his entering more than his Majesty, is a foremost question of the day with political and financial publicists. That the late extraordinary devised and delectory lottery loan is quite insufficient for Maximilian's needs is patent to every one, and that the United States will be very presently able and consequently madly ready to rush into a war with Max, and his patron is a feeling tending to conviction so prevalent as to do small honor to people's sense of national policy. More flattering to the good sense of our people, North and South, and, let me hope, somewhat more probable, is the presumption that the gross of the fighting being over, our practical American nature will speedily bring us all to full working unity again. Perhaps counts something more than his people or human nature, and trust to the chances that may turn up during the yet long period to be filled with our slow work of pacification and recovery from the terrible wounds inflicted on our finance and industry and every part of our body politic by the civil war.

Meantime Napoleon is in Algeria, trying to persuade the two million and odd of his Mussulman subjects there that they had a great deal better be his subjects than be insurgents to his authority. He has issued a proclamation to them, quoting from their Koran profits that they ought religiously to bow to their subject destiny. Nothing attaches the slightest importance to the actions of the United States will be very presently able and consequently madly ready to rush into a war with Max, and his patron is a feeling tending to conviction so prevalent as to do small honor to people's sense of national policy. More flattering to the good sense of our people, North and South, and, let me hope, somewhat more probable, is the presumption that the gross of the fighting being over, our practical American nature will speedily bring us all to full working unity again. Perhaps counts something more than his people or human nature, and trust to the chances that may turn up during the yet long period to be filled with our slow work of pacification and recovery from the terrible wounds inflicted on our finance and industry and every part of our body politic by the civil war.

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From the Prince of Wales to theatricals is a very natural transition. Miss Bateman has appeared in a third character, that of Blanca, in *Dion Boucicault's* *Gasparone*, at the Haymarket. The play itself is a formidable one, about as agreeable as the toothache, turning on the jealousy of an injured wife, but the character of the heroine possesses attractions for actresses, as a vehicle for the expression of turbulent passion and forcible emotion. On this ground Miss Bateman unluckily challenges comparison with, as she suggests, the memory of Ristori: Miss Glyn, Miss Cudahy and Fanny Kemble, and even of the great Rachel. The house was crowded on the first night and the audience enthusiastic, but the play is not likely to prove a popular success. Miss Bateman is, however, to appear shortly in a new drama, which has been translated from the German for her by John Oxenford. Southern is announced that gentleman looking on at a couple of boys playing at leap-frog. Furthermore, the Irish girls are as beautiful as any in the world, and extremely fond of dancing, as all girls ought to be. There was a bit of a Fenton meeting in opposition and objectable plaudits, with uncomplimentary allusions to Oliver Cromwell ("the curse of Cromwell on him") and the Saxon, and the big wigs bore the Prince with unceas-

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ingly long speeches, but otherwise, all went off pleasantly.

There is one thing that troubles him, though. How about Canada and the descendants of the Alabama?

Already Secretary Stanton's announcement that the plot for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was hatched in Canada is significantly commented upon.

That he always thought that you could not

convince him of it, and that you couldn't

convince